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not because of this

by [Barrhorn](#)

Summary

"Angela is an omega who certainly doesn't seem like one (or doesn't want to be known as one); being the world's most renowned surgeon and field medic requires a certain amount of spine and confidence that is typically more associated with alphas. Indeed, Angela hides her status so well that nobody is the wiser, everybody believing she's just a plain old beta at best.

Fareeha is an unashamed alpha who prides herself on her courage and discipline. She and Angela have been building a rapport for a while, but it's never gone beyond maybe some coy teasing and stolen glances.

When Angela misses a dose or two of anti-suppressants she goes into her first heat in a very, very long time, and it drives Fareeha more wild than she was ever prepared for."

Mercy knelt carefully on the debris littered floor, worrying more about potentially spooking the woman across from her than possible splinters. "Here," she said softly, holding out a bottle of water with one hand and showing her a couple of pills in the other. "Drink some of this, then take these. They're suppressants; they'll help."

The woman slumped against the wall finally looked at her, eyes cloudy with her heat, body shuddering with arousal. Mercy leaned forward slowly, pressing the bottle against the back of the woman's hand, the cold touch bringing some of the focus back to the woman's expression. She nodded gratefully, taking the bottle and holding out her hand for the pills.

Carefully, trying to minimize contact, Mercy handed them over. She was likely safe; the woman's body was screaming for an Alpha - which Mercy was not. She shivered in sympathy, remembering her own first heat, how overwhelmingly complete the loss of control was. She'd been very careful since that first time, to the point that she hadn't had a heat in years. Most people never realized that she was an Omega at all, and that suited her just fine.

"Mercy!" The shout echoed down the stairs, and the doctor cursed as she bolted to her feet. "Stay here," she instructed the woman, who had flinched from her sudden movement. "I'll be right back."

She ran up the steps just as a figure appeared in the door that led down to the basement she was in, and Mercy slapped her hand against a blue and gold breastplate, preventing Pharah from going any farther.

Pharah, the undeniable Alpha who turned heads everywhere she went, not that she ever seemed to realize that. Who had flirted awkwardly with Mercy a couple of times, tripping endearingly over her words the one time Mercy flirted back. Who probably had never needed to flirt in her life, not when her eyes and voice carried confidence and command like second nature and her scent was all dominance. When Fareeha had visited Overwatch after her first rut she'd nearly sent Jesse - a fellow Alpha - running for the door with his tail between his legs.

No, Mercy couldn't let Pharah anywhere near the woman in the basement.

"Stop right there," she demanded, glaring into Pharah's eyes, able to see them under the visor as she was several steps below the soldier. "There's an Omega in heat down here, and it's bad enough that she didn't evacuate away from the storm because of it. She obviously doesn't want to be around anyone, and even more obviously isn't thinking straight. I've got the situation in hand, so go away until we're ready for you."

Pharah looked down into Mercy's fierce blue eyes, thinking that the world had really made a mistake the day it made Angela Ziegler a Beta. She was probably the only Beta in the world who would deny an Alpha with such passion, the only person brave enough to get in between an Alpha and an Omega in heat. And it was clear that Mercy expected her to obey without argument. Truthfully, if it were not for the situation they were in, Pharah probably would have.

"Torbjörn says that the house is unstable and could collapse any moment," she said calmly, knowing that Mercy would react better to a reasoned objection than an outright denial. "We need to get everyone out."

"So get everyone else out first."

"I did."

Mercy glared at her, hand falling away from her chest to prop on her hips in exasperation. "Then she can lean on my shoulder and I will support her out."

"The stairs will be difficult," Pharah observed mildly, gesturing to the narrow steps and ignoring the way Mercy's eyes narrowed.

"I can do it," she insisted.

"You can. Or I could carry her out, since I'm here." Pharah tapped her chest plate. "I'll be fine. And I'm wearing armor, so she won't be able to do anything... impulsive either. We can't risk you staying here and I won't leave her unprotected either." She paused, trying to impress on Mercy that she was taking this seriously. "Please."

Finally Mercy sighed and turned away. "Fine," she said, still sounding aggravated. "But if she gets upset or any sort of trouble starts, I'm shooting you."

“I’d expect you to,” Pharah replied with a smile, earning only a mutter from her companion.

Despite her words, Pharah still braced herself as she took her first step onto the stairs. The scent of an Omega in heat was powerfully compelling, even though Pharah prided herself on having never given in to that particular temptation. Her mother had always taught her that people were to be protected, and that included protecting them from herself. She’d always known that the Omegas that had reached for her were reaching for the Alpha, not caring about who she was or anything but sheer physical relief. And she’d known for a fact that several of those would’ve regretted it; a few of them even expressing as much to her after the heat had passed. And so Pharah had learned control to protect them and herself.

It had served her well in the army, which viewed Alphas as a potential weakness. What good was a soldier who broke ranks and abandoned the mission because of an Omega’s heat? Suppressants weren’t always enough to control it, and many of the Alphas in her company had been too proud to take them. So they would show up for their tests and the officers would have an Omega in heat with them, trying to distract the Alphas from the obstacle course or firing range, seeing whose performance suffered for it.

Pharah had never faltered, though she had felt badly for the poor Omegas, forced to endure what she was sure had to be a form of humiliating torture. Being used for their heats, having to watch Alphas either ignore them or be fought back. They’d offered her one once, after she finished the training objective first, and she’d almost been disciplined for the way she’d snarled at her commanding officer.

So it was with years of experience that she guarded herself as she stepped off the stairs next to Mercy. “Helmet on or off?” she asked quietly, wondering which one would be more comforting for the woman she could now see.

“On,” Mercy said shortly, one hand casually resting on her blaster.

With a nod, Pharah carefully stepped forward, keeping her pace slow and steady even as pheromones washed over her. “Hello,” she said gently, standing a few steps away and watching the woman’s reaction. “I’m afraid we need to move you now; the house is too dangerous to remain.” The woman stiffened, shaking her head, and slowly Pharah crouched down. “Don’t worry. We won’t put you with everyone else right now. We’ve found one or two others in the same predicament - we’ll take you to them. They’re in a house of their own that’s not in danger of collapsing. Please, let us help.”

After a pause, the woman nodded, and rose to her feet by bracing her hand against the wall. When she swayed with her first step, Pharah instantly reached out to her and swept her up into her arms. The woman squeaked and buried her face in Pharah’s neck, and the soldier turned carefully, hoping that Mercy had been joking about shooting her and would wait to confirm anything untoward was happening before pulling the trigger. “It’s okay,” she soothed the woman. “You’re safe.” She met Mercy’s eyes as she deliberately added, “We’ve got you.”

Mercy stepped back as Pharah passed her to start climbing the stairs, the woman cradled gently in her arms. She inhaled once Pharah’s back was turned, noting the slight increase in musk but impressed with how little reaction there was. Even the woman’s instinctive need to get closer seemed less driven by the heat and physical need than by the reassurance from Pharah’s scent. But maybe some of that was due to the suppressants starting to take effect.

She followed them up the stairs. She still wasn’t planning on letting them out of her sight until she was sure the woman was delivered safely.

When a few days later Angela opened the bottle of suppressants and found it empty, she had no one to blame but herself. She was the one who insisted they send a relief unit to the area destroyed by a hurricane; she was the one who'd handed out suppressants to all of the Omegas in trouble, their own supplies buried in destroyed homes or washed away by floods. She's the one who had stumbled into bed night after night exhausted, forgoing food, forgoing most rest. She'd barely been thinking, much less counting her own supply of pills.

At least we finished the mission first, she thought. A week was not enough time for the city to completely recover; there was still a lot of work to be done in the region, but Overwatch's intervention had allowed other organizations time to properly set up. They had saved a lot of lives, and she could be content with that.

The only problem, of course, was the soft ache in her bones that went past exhaustion and the pulse she could feel pounding in her veins. She'd woken up and rushed to the bathroom sink, running cold water over her wrists as she watched a flush climb her face in the mirror. That's when she'd opened the cabinet and found she was out of suppressants.

So for the first time in years, she was going into heat.

"Athena," she said, gripping the edges of the sink. "If anyone asks for me, please tell them I'm indisposed for the day."

"Of course, Dr. Ziegler."

As if acknowledging it gave it power, the heat roared through her body, settling into her stomach with a sharp pull that had her biting back a moan. She'd experimented on herself a few times when younger, testing how various factors - suppressant use, time between heats, Alpha presence - affected her heats. She knew from those tests that this was going to be rough.

Stumbling back into her quarters, Angela threw herself onto her bed and buried her face in a pillow. She could get through this. She had to get through this. Fareeha's face flashed through her mind, and Angela bit down on her hand to muffle the sound that escaped her throat. Yes, the Alpha could solve this problem for her nicely. Her hips jerked into the mattress once before Angela forced herself to still despite her hormones screaming at her. She turned over onto her back, closing her eyes and starting to recite all the bones in the human body just for a distraction. Though when her mental image of her school's skeleton model began to fade, when zygoma became Fareeha's face and phalanges became Fareeha's long, clever fingers, Angela abandoned the list with a groan.

She might've slept. She might've dreamed. She might've just been floating on the heat's fevered fantasies. All she knew was when she was pulled from her reverie by a series of loud knocks on her door, the light through the window had changed and she was covered in a light sheen of sweat. She didn't - couldn't - answer, hoping that maybe the person would just assume she wasn't there, or that Athena would tell them off for her.

"Angela?"

Scheisse. Angela dropped her chin to her chest, curling up on the bed, holding her breath, her heart pounding so hard she wouldn't be surprised if it could be heard on the other side of the door. Fareeha. It had to be Fareeha. Who else would look for her so insistently?

"Angela, open the door."

She surged up from the bed, taking one step forward before she paused, gasping and shivering. Did Fareeha mean to use that commanding tone? Did she know what it did to her? Or was it just the heat taking further control, reducing her to someone who would obey without question if it got

her the Alpha on the other side of the door, who was waiting for her, asking to be let in?

She doesn't know, Angela reminded herself. Fareeha had no idea - hopefully had no idea - what was happening. But Fareeha would stay outside her door and cause a scene if she thought it would help, and the only thing worse than Fareeha standing out in the hall would be if she drew a crowd. Angela didn't want everyone in Overwatch knowing that she was an Omega, and she definitely didn't want her heat to trigger some sort of Alpha power struggle over her.

But if there was, Fareeha would win it anyway. The thought slid across her mind like silk, and she shivered again as she felt wetness between her thighs. "Wait," she called out hoarsely, wondering if this could possibly end any other way than it ever did between Alphas and Omegas. She reassured herself with the memory of Fareeha's gentle arms around the woman they'd rescued together, but the snarl of jealousy that the image now elicited boded ill for a similar sort of outcome. After all, the woman had just taken suppressants and didn't want Fareeha anyway; neither of those things was true for Angela.

"Wait," she repeated. "When I say so you can come in, but close the door behind you."
"Fine."

Once she got Fareeha's confirmation, Angela unlocked the door, the sound of the bolt releasing seeming as loud as a gunshot, and retreated, seating herself in the armchair across from the door, deliberately avoiding the bed. Trying to create some semblance of normalcy even though the charade would be over the instant Fareeha stepped inside. "Athena, is she alone?"

"Yes," the AI confirmed, and Angela swallowed hard, hoping she wasn't about to make a huge mistake.

Fareeha waited impatiently outside the door, trying not to worry. She'd asked Athena when she couldn't find Angela in any of her usual spots earlier; it was so unlike the doctor to break routine that she'd felt compelled to check on her. When Athena had given her the line about Angela being "indisposed", that probably should've been enough for her. But Fareeha was not so easily put off. "Is she okay?" she'd asked Athena, listening to the little whirls and clicks that was the AI's thinking.

"She is not in any danger," Athena had finally replied, and though that was no answer at all Fareeha could read between the lines well enough.

Fareeha had started for Angela's room, the one place she hadn't looked and the most logical place for someone so "indisposed". "Can I help her?" Likely Angela was sick; the woman was surprisingly bad at taking care of herself and as stubborn as anyone Fareeha had ever known. More clicks and a short beep before Athena had finally conceded, "Yes, I believe you can."

All of which had brought her here, to a door that had been unlocked but not opened, Fareeha's palms itching to grab the doorknob. But she had promised, and so she stood still, hands thrust into the pockets of her worn jeans.

"Come in," she finally heard, wondering again at the strange quality to Angela's voice that she couldn't quite make out, muffled by the door as it was. Maybe she really was sick. Without hesitation, she opened the door, concentrating on slipping inside and closing the door behind her as asked.

It was when she met Angela's eyes that the pheromones hit her full force, and Fareeha leaned back against the door, hand coming up to cover her nose. As if she could stop the scent that was already winding through her: Omega. An Omega's heat. *Angela's* heat. It took her a second to realize that the whine she could hear was coming from her own throat. And there was Angela who, despite her eyes going cloudy and her body leaning forward toward the door, was sitting as far away from her as she could get.

"I shouldn't be here," Fareeha managed, trying to breathe shallowly. She couldn't figure out if she should breathe through her nose and let the scent go straight to her chest or through her mouth and let the taste seem to coat her tongue. Both of them were trouble, both of them caused a needy, undeniable swell between her legs. She closed her eyes. One incident like this and she would've been out of the army, or at least safely sequestered away at some desk job. "I can't be here." She's never been so close to losing control, and the last person in the world she wants to hurt is Angela. Her hand fumbled behind her back for the doorknob, landing heavily on it.

That's when Angela rose to her feet. "Wait," she said urgently, and Fareeha found she didn't even have the strength to walk away, her eyes riveted on Angela as the other woman moved in.

The sound of Fareeha's hand on the door had hurt somehow, driving the ache further into her bones. She felt guilty and excited in equal measure at the slight panic in Fareeha's eyes and the heavy smell of an Alpha's musk. She glanced at the bulge showing in Fareeha's pants and smiled, even as inside she screamed for release. After that little display of macho self-control from the mission, it was thrilling to see that she had this sort of effect on the Alpha, that even Fareeha had her limits.

And oh, how badly she wanted to test those limits.

She walked forward slowly, sensing that if she sped up at all she'd just throw herself into Fareeha's arms. "Fareeha, I'd hope by now you know I'm interested in you." A delicate choice of words, considering they hadn't even gone on a date yet, though Angela had been expecting Fareeha to ask her sooner rather than later. Or Angela would have to take matters into her own hands. "I know you're interested in me."

"Yes," Fareeha admitted - impossible not to with the way she was watching Angela's approach - "but not like this." She shook her head before clarifying, "Not *because* of this."

She stopped, just out of arm's reach, watching how Fareeha's tongue wet her lips and how her hands grasped for anything to hold onto as she tried not to reach out. "I know," Angela told her softly, taking one last step forward and laying her fingertips gently on Fareeha's wrist, feeling the heat of her skin and smelling the sudden surge of arousal. "I know, so don't fight it." She could see Fareeha's eyes flicker, the slight falter in her resolve as her hands landed on Angela's hips, the confusion in her stance as she tried to figure out if she wanted to pull her in closer or push her away. "Please Fareeha, I need you." She didn't mean to whimper like that; the words just slipped out at that contact. "Please, don't fight wanting me."

She was losing control, moving closer, trying desperately not to grind against Fareeha. She closed her eyes, lifting her chin and tipping her head to one side, surrendering her throat. "Bite me."

"Oh fuck, Angela-" There was a wild desperation to Fareeha's voice, but Angela couldn't bear it anymore. Her skin felt tight and way too hot, even the soft brush of her clothes against her driving her wild, seeming to taunt her with what she wanted so badly.

"Touch me, then," she demanded, pressing a palm against the crotch of Fareeha's jeans, making the soldier's head fall back against the door. "If you leave I'll explode."

All at once she was forced back a step, the light shove breaking all contact between the two. She stared at the ground in shock before recovering and looking up, but what she saw in Fareeha's face made her breath catch in her throat and her blood sing.

Fareeha's eyes were dilated and dark, her upper lip curled in a snarl. She took two steps forward, away from the door, strong hands grabbing Angela's thighs and pulling her up off her feet, and instinctively Angela wrapped her legs around Fareeha's waist.

"Yes," she sighed. "Oh, yes." She buried her face against Fareeha's neck, breathing in her scent of sun and spice, a slight hint of grease underneath like she'd been working on her Raptora suit.

Angela kissed her neck, tongue flicking across the pulse lying just underneath her skin and reveling in the growl that rumbled through Fareeha's throat. Peppering her jawline with kisses, nipping at her earlobe, Angela lost track of everything that wasn't Fareeha until her world tipped to the side and she found herself on her back in her bed, Fareeha hovering over her.

"I want these off," Fareeha told her, one hand pushing up the bottom of Angela's shirt, her callused thumb running over Angela's stomach and making her squirm in the sheets. Even such casual contact left a burning trail across her skin, and Angela scrambled to pull her shirt and bra off, both to obey the Alpha's command and to grant her access to more skin so that maybe she would grant her some relief.

She looked up to find Fareeha had done the same thing, that she was kneeling on the bed wearing only her jeans and her dog tags and Angela whined at the sight, grabbing the chain and gently pulling Fareeha down for a kiss.

The Alpha laughed in the last inch before their lips met, her tongue dipping briefly into Angela's mouth before taking her lower lip in between her teeth. Her hands covered Angela's breasts, and the doctor moaned against her mouth as she felt Fareeha squeeze. Her own hands glided up Fareeha's arms to her shoulders, her nails digging into the muscles there, trying to encourage her to do more, harder, faster.

Instead Fareeha's hands moved down her body, fingers roughly undoing Angela's pants without breaking the kiss; it was Angela who did that to cry out softly as she lifted her hips to let Fareeha pull pants and panties off. She watched Fareeha's chest expand in one deep, long breath as the now unconstrained scent of Angela's arousal filled the room. Dark eyes roamed the length of her body hungrily, and any dim thought of embarrassment was banished by the rough growl of Fareeha's voice.

"Beautiful."

As a new rush of wetness coated her thighs, she reached for Fareeha. "*Bitte*, please--"

Fareeha rose over her, deliberately pressing a knee against Angela's center, the denim quickly becoming soaked as Angela ground against it. Not enough, not nearly enough, and she mewled as Fareeha's teeth just barely scraped her neck. None of it was enough-

"What do you need?" Fareeha asked her, licking the sweat from her skin.

"It's been so long--"

"Should I slow down?" She started to draw away, only for Angela's hands to grab her hair and hold her in place, her hips bucking up against Fareeha's thigh. She shuddered at just the *thought* of losing contact, of pausing.

Fareeha looked at the half-wild person beneath her, her chest heaving with each breath, her eyes desperate. Angela's words echoed in her head - *it's been so long* - alternately pleasing her and infuriating her. The thought of someone else seeing Angela like this - of being able to *touch* her like this - made her snarl until she noticed how the Omega trembled at her expression, throwing her head back and exposing her throat in submission. Fareeha quickly bent down, unable to resist drawing her teeth against the soft skin there before kissing her reassuringly.

"I won't hurt you," she soothed, one hand following the curve of Angela's hip before trailing across her thigh and dipping between her legs. Angela gasped, her heels pressing into the mattress as she arched up, wanting more. The sound pulled at Fareeha, and she bit back the rumble from her own throat. "I won't let anyone or anything hurt you."

"Then fuck me. Knot me, bite me, mark me. Make me yours."

Nothing Fareeha could do would stop the growl that turned into a moan as her erection strained painfully against her jeans, only a lifetime of absolute control keeping her from ripping the offending garment off and taking Angela right that second.

Still, those words were going to repeat themselves in her head for a long time to come.

She pulled back, ignoring Angela's needy whine as she broke free of her grasp, fingers fumbling with the button of her jeans on her first attempt to get them open. But then she got it and the zipper, shucking the jeans and her underwear off and sighing in relief at the ease in pressure.

Turning back to the top of the bed, she caught Angela's eyes flicking up to meet hers, before the Omega reached for her. Fareeha climbed up over her, their bodies carefully separated by only an inch, heat and sweat and scent all that remained between them. She leaned down and captured Angela's lips, sighing, melting into her. Angela shivered and threw her arms around Fareeha's shoulders as they slowly let the space between them vanish, legs brushing, breasts pressing together, until finally Fareeha's cock was pressed against Angela's hip.

"Oh, next time we are doing this slow," Fareeha muttered, feeling how tight her muscles already were, how insistently her instincts were screaming at her. "Fuck, Angela," she suddenly swore, trying to lift herself up except that Angela's fingers were instantly grabbing her hips and keeping her in place. "We need a—"

"No, we don't," Angela interrupted, much too calmly, and Fareeha looked at her in surprise. "I took birth control along with the suppressants," Angela said, and when Fareeha opened her mouth to argue she let go of her hip with one hand, fingers trailing along Fareeha's cock and making Fareeha grunt, her hips twitching at the light, teasing touch. Angela brought her hand up, slowly taking her first two fingers into her mouth and humming.

And that just wasn't fair.

It also completely destroyed any chance of slow.

Fareeha instantly repositioned herself, one hand guiding the tip of her cock to Angela's entrance, pushing just that much inside. The fingers fell from Angela's mouth, though she covered her soft keen with her hand until Fareeha pushed it away. "Let me hear you," she demanded, sliding into Angela a little farther, drawing out that noise, desperately trying to ignore just how good Angela felt around her.

She'd been trying to give Angela time to adjust, but Angela's hands pulled at her hips and ass, apparently willing to drag her in the whole way if Fareeha wouldn't oblige her, her nails biting into Fareeha's skin. When Fareeha tried to pause once more, those nails raked up her back and shoulders, leaving thin trails of heat and pain that made Fareeha hiss and thrust forward until she was completely inside Angela.

"*Gott*," Angela moaned, her eyelids fluttering, and Fareeha growled an agreement. For just a moment they stayed like that, breathing hard, until the bite of Angela's nails prompted Fareeha to start thrusting, shallow at first and then harder and faster as Angela pleaded with her incoherently, English and German mixing together and blending into quiet whimpers and cries. Fareeha didn't even try to make sense of it, letting Angela's lovely voice wash over her as her lips and tongue and teeth moved from breast to collarbone to throat and back again. Angela was so wet and hot around her; the heat seemed to roll through her body out from that point of connection, flooding her limbs and crowding out her thoughts. Her knot swelled.

Despite the relentless pace, despite the fact that each thrust made skin slap against skin and pushed Angela farther up the bed, Angela was still whining, still trying to pull Fareeha's hips in closer. "Not yet," Fareeha told her, knowing what Angela was waiting for. Angela almost sobbed at the denial, turning her head to sink her teeth into Fareeha's wrist as punishment.

But Fareeha only laughed and slipped the abused hand between Angela's legs, supporting herself easily with one arm as she toyed with Angela's clit in between thrusts, flicking it once, rolling it

the next, watching how each touch made Angela writhe under her.

When Angela froze, her mouth falling open, clenching around Fareeha as she came, Fareeha quickly drew back, almost completely out, and thrust in one long, hard motion until her knot popped inside Angela, sending the Omega crashing straight into another orgasm. And Fareeha finally, *finally*, let go completely, her teeth searching out Angela's throat as pleasure surged through her, her world narrowing down to the knot anchoring her to Angela and the salty sweet taste of Angela's skin in her mouth.

And as she came inside Angela, she bit.

Mine.

Angela slowly came back to herself, to the reassuring weight of Fareeha on top of her, to the pleasing fullness of the knot in her, to the quiet lassitude of her limbs. When she felt Fareeha stir, she carefully put her arms around her, holding in her place. "Just a little longer?" she asked softly. Not that either of them was going anywhere for a while, but she liked Fareeha right where she was.

Fareeha hummed an affirmative, carefully resettling herself over Angela. "You didn't tell me," she said mildly.

Angela breathed a laugh, threading her fingers through Fareeha's hair. "To be fair, I didn't tell anyone."

"If you had," Fareeha insisted, though she made no attempt to move or pull away, "I might've been able to control myself when I walked in the door."

"And what a shame that would've been," Angela murmured, smiling at the laugh that she could feel rumble through Fareeha's chest.

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